



Effigies Joh: Quarles.

W: Faithorne fe: John Stafford excu:



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*Regale Lectum Miseriae:*  
OR,  
A KINGLY BED  
OF MISERIE

*In which is contained,*  
A DREAME:

WITH

An Elegy upon the Martyr-  
dome of CHARLS, late King of  
ENGLAND, of blessed  
Memory:

<sup>AND</sup>  
Another upon the Right  
Honourable the Lord Capel.

WITH

*A curse against the Enemies of Peace, and the  
Authors Farewell to England.*

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By JOHN QUARLES.

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edition 2000

To that Patroness of Vertue,  
and most Illustrious Princesse,

ELIZABETH,

The sorrowfull Daughter to our late  
Martyr'd Soveraigne, CHARLS,  
King of *England*, &c.

Most Vertuous Princesse :

  
S this subject, which  
my zealous presump-  
tion presents to your  
serious view, is a compound  
of joy and grieve; so I hope it  
will furnish your Royall breast  
as well with the raptures of  
joy, as the principles of sorrow.

Madam

The Epistle

Madam, I am confident that  
I may, without adulation say,  
that your Ruyall Fathers  
death, gave a life to Virtue.  
And as we have a sufficient  
cause to deplore the absence of  
his Person, so we have an un-  
deniable reason to rejoice for  
the presence of his perfections,  
which will build everlasting  
Pyramids in the hearts of  
those, which were his loyall  
Subjects. Madam, although  
Heaven hath been pleased to  
diminish your joyes in this mi-  
serable

Dedicatory.

serable Kingdome, yet no question but he will hereafter multiply your pleasures in his own. In the mean time, may the Glories of heaven, and the Meditations of your incomparable Fathers unparalleled vertues, keep a constant correspondencie with your Royal heart; as it is the unfained prayers of him, who dedicates himself to your Highnesse perfections, and is

MADAM,

A sworn Servant to your vertues,

JO. QUARLES,

the tree is a hedge. A hedge  
is a row of trees and shrubs  
or shrubs growing together  
and trained so as to form  
a fence or a wall.  
A hedge is a row of trees  
and shrubs growing together  
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## To the Reader.

**Courteous Reader,**

I Have not much to say in my own defence for the weak performance of this work, which I confess was hammer'd out of a disturbed minde; therefore if there be any thing in it contrary to thy disposition, I shall desire thee to moderate thy passion, and pardon my imbecility; for it is generally known, that errors in grief are incident to all: as for the errors of the Press, I suppose them pardonable, in respect that it hath received many interruptions, and haste joyn'd with fear, are conductors to mistakes: Now Reader, my occasions beyond Sea advise me to bid thee adieu; the worst that I can expect to suffer abroad, is but the extremities of Warre; and the best

*To the Reader.*

the best that I can expect at home: is but the  
worst of miseries, if therefore there be a ne-  
cessity of suffering, I conceive it to be the  
best of sufferings, to suffer with the best  
of sufferers, whose faithfull Subject I am,  
and thy Servant, Reader, (if thou art Loy-  
all)

JOHN QUARLES.

A

A Dreame.

**M**Orpheus ( thou Turn-key to all humane  
sense )

Unlock my braine, that I may fly from  
hence,

Out of this Cage of sleep, let me not lye  
And drown my senses in stupidity.

My thoughts surprise my thoughts, I cannot rest,  
I have a *Civill Warre* within my brest ;  
I'me full of thoughts : what uncontroled streams  
Flow from the fancies Ocean ? Oh ! what dreams  
Have sail'd ipto my stony mind ? And bring  
No other burthen with them but a *King*,  
A *King* ! could I but kisse that word, and not be  
An *Idolizer* ; 'tis too great a fault ( thought  
To kisse his *band*. Nor can I think it strange,  
For *times*, & *manners*, needs must have their changes.  
'Tis true, I dream'd methoughts my watchful eyes  
Observ'd a *King*, and than a *Sacrifice* ;  
And ravish'd with that *majesty* and *grace*  
I saw united in his modest face.

I ran to kisse his hand, but with a fall  
 I wak'd, and lost both King, and kisse, and all.  
 And thus restored to my former sense,  
 I thus proceeded in my thoughts; from whence  
 Arise these fancies? What? did fancy mean  
 To cause a sudden fall? intervene  
 Between a kisse and me? 'twas an abuse  
 That runs beyond the limits of excuse.  
 I was enrag'd to think that I should miss  
 (Being so near his hand) so sweet a kisse.  
 I check'd my fancy, which was too precise  
 To make me run to best, yet lose the prize.  
 Thoughts follow thoughts, and when the first is  
 A second rises which does oft prevent (present,  
 An inconvenient action, many time  
 A second thought gains *virtue* by a *crime*.  
 The first being banish'd, reason thought it good  
 To place a second, where the first thought stood,  
 And then I found my active fancy play'd  
 The Politician, and that thought allay'd  
 The former flames of passion in my brest,  
 Then was I pleas'd with what my thoughts ex-  
 Which was to this effect — — — (present)

Me thoughts I saw  
 A grieved King, whose very looks were *Law*.  
 He sigh'd, as if his tender heart had taken  
 A farewell of his body, and forsaken

This

This lower world, his star-like eyes were fixt  
Upon the face of Heaven, his hands commixt.  
His tongue was parfmonious, yet my ear  
(That was attentive) could not prevail to hear  
This whisp'ring-echo: Oh be pleas'd t' incline  
Thy sacred ears! was ever grief like mine?  
Was ev' r heart so sad? was ever any  
So destitute of joy, that had so many  
As I have had? though all be snatch'd from me,  
Yet let me have an interest in thee.  
Oh heaven! and t' ere he stop'd as if his breath  
Had stept aside to entertain a death.  
My soul was ravish'd, and the private dart  
Of new-bred love, struck pity to my heart,  
I could not hold, but silently bequeath  
Some drops unto the ground, my soul did cleave  
Unto his lips, for every word he spoke  
Was ponderous, and would have easily broke  
Th' obdurat' st heart; I turn'd away my eye,  
And suddenly methoughts I did espie  
A sacrifice; which when I did behold,  
My blood recoiled, and my heart grew cold:  
I was transported, and methoughts the place  
Whereon I stood, seem'd bloody for a space:  
I trembling, cast my wearied eyes about,  
Thinking to find my former object out,  
But he was gone; and in his room was plac'd  
A many-headed monster that disgrac'd

The very place : They vanish'd, then appear'd  
 A large-pretending rout, as well be ear'd  
 As Balaam's *Asse*, methoughts they did excell  
 The *Asse* in ears, but could not speak so well.  
 Methoughts they call'd a *Counsell* to contrive  
 Their high designes, and zealously dislive  
 Some great *Offenders* that they thought too wise  
 To live amongst such ears, such cast-up eyes.

“ One I observ'd amongst the studious race  
 “ That had ( methoughts ) a bone-fire in his face :  
 “ Another I descri'd amongst the pack  
 “ That seem'd to bear a *Kingdome* on his back :  
 “ Another I beheld which pleas'd me best,  
 “ That could not rule *himself*, yet rul'd the rest :  
 “ Another I espi'd which seem'd to look  
 “ And read, but at the wrong end of his *Book* :  
 “ Another I observ'd which seem'd to weep,  
 “ And in conclusion, pray'd himself *a sleep* :  
 “ Another I descriy'd, among these *Brothers*,  
 “ That vow'd 'twas right, because he'd please the  
 “ Another he stood up, & wisely broke *Others* :  
 “ His long-kept-silent lips, and thus bespoke.

Come ! let's no longer now be kept in aw,  
 I am sure our welfare is the *Supreme Law* ;  
 A King, that's nothing but a power that is  
 Subordinate ; the Laws are *outs*, not *His* ;  
 Is 't not the People makes a King ? well, then  
 If we let him be King, we're fools, not *Men* :

For now we have him in his own-made *snare*,  
We'll keep him fast, oh that we had His *haire* !

Come, let's proceed, and if our plots hit right  
You shall be *Lords* at least, and I, a *Knight*.  
And let *Malignants* prate, their Purses shall  
Pay tribute for their *tongues* at *Gold-smiths. hall* :  
And if they grumble at what we shall do,  
We'll make them pay their *lives* and *money* too ;  
The day is ours, let's not abuse that power (sowre  
Which *Heav'n* hath lent us; for sweet things prove  
If not made use of, have we not been poor  
And others rich ? Come, let's increase our store :  
*Had we but our deserts*, might we not crave  
The privilege of all that *others* have ?  
All's ours, and yet our miseries are such,  
That we are rich in *little*, poor in *much* ;  
Alas ! our tender hearts are fill'd with pity  
To see so many blind in one poore *City* ;  
If they would please in a true zealous fashion  
To moderate their long-continued *passion*,  
'Twould much rejoice the *Saints*, & we will pray  
That they may live untill a wiser day ;  
The' are very *pious people*, and we could  
Both live and die together, if they would  
But furnish our desires with every thing  
We want, and dote not too much on a *King* :  
He's but a *man* at most, and yet they must  
Adore His Person, though He be *unjust*.

I could not chuse but laugh the other day,  
I spy'd a *Cavalier* that closely lay  
Perdue to kisse his *hand*, and by and by  
He starts away, and when as he w<sup>t</sup> s nigh  
(That which they call a *King*) as his own length  
His *legs* (not having that sufficient strength  
His *hast* requir'd) receiv'd a sudden fall,  
And overturn'd *himself*, his *King*, and *all* :  
The sight much pleas'd me, being very near,  
I never help'd the *King*, nor a *Cavalier* :  
I soon retreated from that happy place,  
And le<sup>t</sup> them both in a distracted case ;  
But as I went, I was so idest to meet  
An upright *Sister*, whose dividing *feet*  
Slept with such innocency, that my heart  
Did almost leap upon *her* to impact  
My new-bred joy ; her very looks betray'd  
Her heart, indeed she was a lovely Maid :  
I bow'd my self, and zealously imbrac'd  
The small circumf'rence of her bending waste,  
I kiss'd her *mouth*, and having done th<sup>t</sup> duty,  
My lips divided, and I prais'd her beau y ;  
Extreams of joy did almost make me faint :  
I thought, oh ! here's a *sister* for a *Saint* :  
I was amaz'd, my very soul did move  
Between the great extreams of fear, and *love* ;  
She smil'd upon me, and that very smile  
Prov'd a *Restorative*, and for a while

I mus'd

I mus'd ; at last my lips began to break,  
As that smile had licenced them to speak ;  
Oh! then my *mouth* being ram'd with *words*, let flie  
Both *wit*, and *language*, and did soar as high  
As our *Remonstrance*, oh ! how I did heat  
Her ears with my discourse, it was so neat ;  
As if my ready *mouth* had been the *School*  
Of *language*, yet she pleas'd to call me *Fool* ;  
But 'twas in jest I'm sure, or were it not  
'Tis nothing since my goodness has forgot  
My sisters *weakness*, and indeed we *men*  
Must bear with Sisters *failings*, *now* and *then* ;  
They often trip in *zeal*, and sometimes takē  
A fall, and love it for the *Giver's* sake :  
Our greatest faults they'l pardon for a *buss*,  
Come, we must bear with *them*, they bear with *us* ;  
But after she had call'd me *fool*, she checkt  
Her self, I wisely own'd it with negle&t,  
I spread my *cloak* upon the ground, and there  
We cool'd our *passions* in the open air :  
Sister, said I, you have been pleas'd to spend  
The name of *Fool* upon your *faithfull friend*,  
It was my *worth* you rashly did eclips,  
And I'le have satisfaction from those *lips*  
That gave th' affront, let me no longer stay,  
My fury will admit of no delay.  
Dear *Brother*, she reply'd, if it be so  
You must have satisfaction, take't *below* ;

You soar too high at first, I must detest  
Your loftyplay, the middle way is best ;  
But if you are resolv'd, you shall not say  
I'm obstinate : for if you *will*, you *may* :  
I soon return'd her thanks, and with my hand  
I pull'd her close, and made her understand  
What I had seen : But oh how she was pleas'd !  
Ah verily (said she ) the news has eas'd  
My longing *heart*. But when the *King* fell down  
Thou wert unwise thou hadst not snatch'd His  
'Tis rarely spoken *Sister*, had I had (Crown.  
The *Crown*, I should have made a gallant *Lad* ;  
Should I but sway the Scepter of this Land,  
I'de make my *Subjects* die at my command ;  
I'de lop the *great ones* off, and make the *low*  
Subordinate to me, I'de make them know  
The *reines* were mine ; but at the first I'de steal  
Into their hearts, and fool them with my *zeal*.  
I would declare unto the world, and take  
An *Oath*, I acted for *Religions* sake :  
I'de fill them full of *novelties*, and then  
*Sister* thou knowst the common sort of *Men*  
(Like flies) will buz about my new-made light ;  
I'de call them *Babes of grace*, and make them fight  
With *Cerberus* himself in my defence,  
My *Soul* now tells me 'tis a rare *pretence* :  
I'de hire some baubling *Preachers* to infuse  
*Division* ; and to flatter them with *news*.  
I'de

I'de plump their souls with promises, that they  
Should never fail to *swear*, what should I say;  
I'de make my *Preachers* urg: them all to joyn  
And fight for God; then will their *Plate* be mine:  
This is an *art* that lies above the reach  
Of every *brain*: I'de suffer all to *Preach*  
And sow *sedition*, every one should be  
At least a *Saint*, and preach upon a *Tree*:  
And if my great occasions should require  
Large summes of *money*, then would I inspire  
A *Publique faith*; and if it would not rise  
That way; I'de make the bellows of *Excise*  
To pufte it up; this is a cleanly way  
To sweep up *money*, *Souldiers* must have *pay*.  
*Sister*, thou knowst 'tis no *disgracing stealth*  
To make *Religion* rob the *Common-wealth*:  
What through *Malignants* rail at our *designe*s,  
We can extract our *livings* from their *fines*:  
I've spoke enough, now *Sister* I'le *divorce*  
My nimble tongue from this *profound discourse*:  
Now give me leave to dedicate my *heart*  
To thee ( my *Patronesse* ) before I part.  
*Brother*, alas! I am a *harmlesse maid*  
And we you know are easily *betray'd*  
By mens *delusion*: If your *love* be *true*,  
The *zeal* of my *affections* light on you;  
You know we ought to love, and none can be  
More honest in their *harmlesse loves* than we,

For

For we may love each other in the spirit,  
And pray and preach together, and inherit  
Our own desires, whilst others send their cries  
To their beloveds, and yet loose the prize.

Sister thou hast exactly satisfi'd

My large desires : may happiness bety'd  
The thriving spirit, tru'y'tis a pain  
To part, but that I hope to meet again :  
*London* (th t nest of worth) that *yielding place*,  
I am resolv'd to view, within the space  
Of forty hours, whero I intend to spare  
And see some *bretbren* I have there,  
It is a goodly place as *fame* relates.  
For there the *Sisters* live, and all the *States* ;  
Truly th'are very godly and preiend  
Just like *our selves*, to be a faithfull friend  
To *King*, and *Monarchie*, when as Alas---  
And then I wak'd, and let the other pass  
Unutter'd, but indeed I doe confess  
I wish that I had heard a great deal less,  
And yet (to speak the truth) I was perplext,  
Because I could not hear what followed next.

This was a midnights dream, I was in pain  
Till night had lull'd me in her arms again.  
And for the space of half a tedious houre  
I was disturb'd, till sleep had gain'd some power  
Over my slumb'ring senses, but at last  
Call'd to the bar of sleep, I there was cast :

I had

I had not long in peacefull pleasure slumber'd,  
Be'ore an interposing dream incumber'd  
My quiet fancy, suddenly my ear  
Was fill'd with such a noise, as none could hear  
Without much fear, as if th' incurved back  
Of burth'ned *Atlas* had begun to crack.  
Methoughts I saw the *Heav'ns* how they begun  
(As if th'ad scorn'd the glory of the Sun)  
To frown upon the earth, which seem'd to flame  
Like full'rous *Etna*, from whose bow'e's came  
Whole Regiments of *Spirits* which disturb'd  
The air, whose fury hated to be curb'd;  
Methoughts they were ambitious to expell  
Some *Potentate* and make his seat their Hell:  
Methoughts at last (I slumb'ring) seem'd to hear  
A single voice that whisper'd in my ear,  
Yet thunder'd in my heart which made me grone  
At every word; exprest in such a tone  
Which would with great facility have turn'd  
A Tyrant's heart, or else consum'd and burn'd  
His breast to ashes, and if language could  
Move pity in a flinty soul, this would,  
He bolted forth his griefs like claps of thunder,  
As if each word should cleave a heart in sunder;  
His voice being guarded with a pleasing force,  
I sacrific'd my ears to his discourse;  
Methoughts my soul, my very ears were blest  
In giving audience, whilst he thus exprest.

Oh

Oh Heaven! oh Earth! how can they chuse but  
 To see them make a foot-ball of a Crown? (frown  
 How long shall I be made an aynd at mark  
 Of pointed *envie*? shall they make me dark  
 That I made light? and shall that light devoure  
 The former principle? Unhappy howre  
 When my abused willingnesse was made  
 A Stalk-horse unto those, who have betray'd  
 An Island unto tyranny; whose *Lawes*  
 Oppresse true *Subje&s*, and make me the *Cause*:  
 Malitious *age*, and will their fury have  
 My end, untill it send me to my grave?  
 A grave most peacefull *Place*, for I'me sure  
 There's no *Rebellion*; there I'll rest secure  
 Where neither grief, nor care, shall date torment  
 My sublime soule, there, there lies true content.  
 There there's the death of sorrow, and the life  
 Of *Peace*, and there's a period to all strife. (trie  
 There's none can mock my woes, there's none can  
 A King, nor make a *Garrison*, but I.  
 And what I spake, my soule protests is true,  
 I am no slave to death but unto you  
 My soul's my Gods, and Tyrants doe your worst  
 Job's soul was free, when's body was accurst.  
 But you bloud-thirsty *Zelots*, learn to know  
 You never can rise high, if I fall low.  
 I fear no threats, let torments all conjoyn  
 Themselves, at last ye'l find them yours, not mine.

What

What though I suffer here, my *sufferings* shall  
Advice my *soul*; *May they not make you fall?*  
Let out my *life*, goe make a streaming floud,  
And bath your *selves* in my diffused *bloud*.  
Let loose your *furies*, give your *passions* breath,  
And let them bait my *body* unto *death*.  
I am resolv'd, my heart shall flie above  
The reach of fear, and view the God of love;  
Consider well, what *glory* can accrue  
From my destruction, to such soules as you;  
Be not too rash, but know a *cause* that's dy'd  
In guiltlesse *bloud* cannot be justifi'd,  
A prosperous *vice* shall never claime a right  
To perpetuity, 'twill but in *right*  
A totall *ruine*, 'tis a greater *Fame*  
To die with *virtue*, than to live with *shame*:  
You seek for *trutb*, and yet you goe the way  
To make the field of *trutb* a *Golgatha*;  
There is a great *antipathy* between  
*Faction* and *Peace*, and yet my eyes have seen  
How you (whose restless spirits, still increase  
With *Faction*) seem to studie for a *Peace*;  
Doe not mistake, for they that will compose  
A difference must never doe't by blowes.  
The worst of Apprehensions may descrie  
You nourish *Spiders*, and destroy the *Flie*.  
Who glories in a *crime* will in conclusion  
Receive a *curse*, and with that *curse* confusio:

I long to be resolv'd, pray tell me why  
Ye think ye cannot *live*, except I die?  
Your thoughts are vain, 'twill be a *tainted breath*,  
That has it's derivation from my *death*.  
Am I a *Basilisk*? and can my eyes  
Devour you? for you know my body lies  
Subject to be destroy'd, not to destroy  
(By taking up of arms) your *Kingly joy*:  
But you suppose, if I should long survive,  
I would become laborious, and contrive  
Some new designs, and with my numerous forces,  
Divert the stream of your *unlawfull courses*;  
Make *reason* your companions, walk a while,  
Consult together, stride no' o're the *stile*  
When as the *gap* lies open, they're unwise  
That will (when they foresee a *harm*) despise  
Preventing means; for if you take this *life*  
From my enjoyment, ye'l beget a *strife*  
That will not end, and when that *strife* is b. *ed*;  
Then will my *wrongs* survive, though I am *dead*,  
And you that caus'd my *guiltlesse* heart to bleed  
Will find *another* to revenge the *deed*;  
Ask *Heav'n*'s *forgivenesse*, for ye cannot crave  
Leave to abscond your *crimes* within my *Grave*,  
Be well assur'd, that ev'ry drop which parts  
Out of my *veins*, shall cleave unto your *hearts*,  
Like tangling *bird-lime*, which will hold you fast,  
And *vengeance* too, shall find you out at last.

Heav'n's

Heav'ns all surveying eye must needs observe  
Your late unpolish'd actions, which deserve  
As many torments as th' enraged hand  
Of *veng'ance* can impose, or *Heaven* command,  
Did I not labour with a serious breif  
During the *Treaty*, to restore some rest  
To this distemper'd *Kingdome*? But the gales  
Of *Malice* were oppugnant to my sails;  
My heart was loaded with the large increase  
Of hopefull thoughts, my soul was fil'd with *peace*:  
But at the last my hopes prov'd useles: dross;  
And then I lost a *Crown*, and found a *Crosse*;  
Heav'n hear my wish, oh grant I may commence  
A *Doctor* in the art of *Patience*!

It matters not how poor my Person be,  
If at the last I may be crown'd with thee,  
Thou knowst the secret corners of my heart  
Which is at thy disposing, for thou art  
*The King of Kings*, and unto thee I'll pay  
The tribute of my soul both night, and day.  
I am thy *Subject*, give me grace to stand  
Firmly obedient to thy just *command*.  
When for my *sins* I shall receive thy *blows*,  
Oh give me power to *suffer*, not *oppose*!  
Pardon my *Enemies* which have been strong,  
And always studious how to doe me wrong.  
And though they've vented that which is untrue,  
*Father forgive*, they know not what they do.

They

They hate their King, and are not pleas'd with any,  
 O grant, good God, they may not find too many!  
 The chiefeſt of their work is to devoure;  
 (Stones have usurpt their hearts, as they my powre:  
 Against the ſound of Peace, their eares, are bar'd  
 Oh never ſure, was Pharaobs heart ſo hard.  
 They diſreſpect their King; it was not ſo  
 With Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego;  
 Their tongues have vilifi'd me oftentimes,  
 These three were never guilty of ſuch Crimes;  
 Their hearts had vow'd obedience to their King,  
 And never try'd by force of Armes to bring  
 Their own Deſignes to paſſe; but their submission  
 Sent comfort to their ſouls, and much contrition  
 To him, whose more then ſeven times heated breaſt  
 Did ſoon regreſt what hiſ hot rage expreſt.

But well, ſince thus it is, I'le ſtrive to ſway  
 The Scepter of my miseries, and lay  
 A good foundation that my Foes may build  
 Their torments on my breaſt, which ſhall be fill'd  
 With true content, I'le labour to ſupport,  
 But yet muſt yeeld, when death ſhal ſtorm the fort:  
 I cannot ſtarat at death, I know it brings  
 A finis to my ancient griefs, and ſings  
 Anthems of Peace: how happy's he that can  
 Flie to his God, and ſcorne the rage of Man:  
 Thunder ye Sons of tyranny, let rage  
 Flash from your ſulph'rous ſouls, ſtrive to ingage  
 The

*The flames of Etna too, and let them dash  
Against my breast; I'll own them as a flash,  
Flatter your souls, prepare your bands to do  
A deed that hev'n will not advise you to.*

*I pity you, my heart cannot forbear  
To sigh; and Nature too commands a tear;  
Oh that my head (like to a Fountain) could  
Furnish my eyes with tears, oh then I would  
Begin the morning: and conclude the day (way;  
With Drops, and wash the black-browd'd night a-  
Oh let my language whet your dull belief,  
'Twas you that fill'd my flowing heart with grief,  
And now my Torment is more and more excell,  
Heav'n grant me breath enough to bid Farewell.  
Farewell sad world, that like a bolt of thunder  
Hath more than cleft my reaving heart in sunder.  
Death's nothing like the sorrow which I find  
Rasing a towre of woe within my mind.*

*Thou partner of my soul, how can I die,  
And leave thee here to weep a Lullaby  
To my indulgent babes, how can it be,  
That I must leave so dear a Spouse as thee.  
Poor hearts, If I must go and leave you all  
Confus'd together in the common ball  
Of this enraged world, what will ye do  
But mourn for me, as I have mourn'd for you?  
Oh where will you retire your selves, and spend  
Your groaning hours, oh what regarding friend*

Will give a minutes audience, or relieve  
 Your pining wants, or moan to hear you grieve ?  
 What Nation will regard, or entertain  
 (A royall) though a miserable train ;  
 This is a sorrow that divides my brest ;  
 This is a grief that cannot be exprest  
 Without a fractur'd heart, this is a wound  
 That makes confusion active to confound.  
 Were it a possibility to have  
 Ten thousand Lions lodg'd within this *Cave*,  
 (This trunk of mine) they could not more tor-  
 My heart than this unbounded *discontent* ; (ment  
 Should all the *Tyrants* in the world conntrive  
 A way to make a dying *soul* survive  
 With living *pain*, they never could exceed  
 The *Tyrants* of these *Times* in such a dee l ;  
 I have been long imprison'd ; and at last  
 Call'd to the *bar* ; how soon I may be cast  
*Heav'n* knows, not I, for they that were so *bold*  
 To bring me thither, will, if not controll'd,  
 Force me to *death*, their very *looks* declare.  
 Their *resolutions*, whilst their hearts prepare  
 To suck my *veins* ; Ah thus they have betray'd me:  
 And smile to see how glorious they have made me,  
 They swell'd like *Mountains*, and at last brought  
 The *Mouse* of *Reformation*, whose worth (forth  
 Is seated in all lofty *brains*, and hurl'd  
 Through ev'ry corner of th' inquiring *world*.

But

But why should I infist upon your *Crimes* ;  
May *Heav'n* forgive you, and send better *times* ?  
I know my dayes are short, 'tis therefore meet  
To leave this *Crown*, and buy a winding-sheet :  
Be gone to *terrestrial pleasures*, for ye are  
But *Gaolers* to your *Keepers*, and insnare  
Your fond *believers*, go, my *heart's* no *tomb* !  
To give you *buriall*, seek some other *room* ;  
Fly then my *soul*, but stay, what *band* is this  
That seems to hold me from my long'd for *blisse* ?  
More *sorrows* yet, will not th' *Almighty* please  
T' afford my *soul* on earth a minutes *ease*,  
Oh thou that mak'st my *harvest* full of *pains* ,  
Grant that my working *soul* may reap the *gains* ;  
Grief's grown a *Politician*, and it keeps  
A strong *reserve* ; what *eye* is th's that weeps  
These briny *tears* into my fluent *heart*,  
As if those *floods* should drown me e're I part ;  
What *voice* is this I seem to hear ? what *tones*  
Are those that lavish out themselves in *groans* ?  
What ails my *thoughts* ? what near related *breath* ?  
Is this that seems to breath a sudden *death* ?  
Into my panting *breast* ? methinks I hear  
A *female voice* cry, must I languish here ?  
Hard-hearted *death*, why art thou thus unkind  
To take him hence, and leave me here behind  
To weep his *obsequies*, draw up thy *bowe*,  
And send me whither I desire to go.

Shoot, shoot, oh *death*, thou shalt not be withstood,  
 Come, dip thy *arrows* in my crimson *blood*,  
 Fear not, let fly, and let thy *rovers* hide  
 Their twi-fork'd *beads* within my wounded *side*:

Oh Heav'n, since thou wert pleas'd to joyn our  
 And *hearts* together, let thy strict commands (bands  
 Uge *death* to strike us both, that we may fly,  
 And dedicate our *souls* t'eternity;  
 Alasse what *joy*, what *comfort* can accrue  
 To me, when he shall bid this world adue,  
 I liv'd within his *heart*, but ah, if he  
 Shall quit this *earth*, what *life* remains in me.  
 Alasse sad *heart*, what canst thou do but pine;  
 Never could grief be parallel'd with mine;  
 I am the sea of *grief*, all *streams* do tend  
 Towards me, for ah my *sorrows* know no end;  
 The sturdy winds of *care* and *trouble* blows  
 Into my *soul*, my *Ocean* alwayes flows,  
 And never ebbes, oh miserable *age*;  
 How am I made a *subject* to their *rage*,  
 Whose par-boil'd *souls* observe no other diet  
 But *Blood*; and seem to rest in our *disquiet*:  
 You all exceeding *Tyrants*. If ye thirst  
 For royall *blood*, be pleas'd to take mine first.  
 Mines but a *draught*, ye'le quickly swill it up,  
 Alas it will not yield each *soul* a *supp*;  
 You are the *fountains* from whose *breasts* do spring  
 The *streams* of *Murder*, and your *souls* can sing

Nothing

Nothing but bloody *notes* ; you can contract  
The body of all *mischiefe*, and enact  
What pleases you ; but will you subjugate  
Your legall *King*, whose *patience* is your *hate* ;  
But if you seek his fatall overthrow,  
Ye'le *murder* more than *thousands* at one blow ;  
But why do I thus lavish breath in *vain*,  
On those whose *fury* hath no *ear* ; refrain  
My trembling *tongue* ; *Tyrants* I'le leave you here,  
And turn my thoughts to *Charls*, whose *lis*'s as  
To me, as *death* is cheap to you ; Alasse (dear  
My *heart* is full, I cannot let thee *passe*  
Without a *sigh*, nor can my *eyes* forbear  
To wash thy *sad remembrance* with a *tear* ;  
Has *Heav'n* decreed it ? must we be divided,  
Dear *King* ; and must our sorrows be derided ?  
Thou great *Recorder* of my thoughts, to thee  
I will resign ; command, and I will be  
A subject to thy will ; Oh let me have  
Thy gracious *pardon*, then a *speedy grave*,  
For ah what comfort can my *wasting breast*  
Hope to receive, when I am *dispossest*  
Of such a *Joy*, alas where shall I *seat*  
My *heart* ; *tears* are my *drink*, and *sighs* my *meat* ;  
These pallid *lips* of mine shall never dare  
To own a *smile*, I'lc live with *grief* and *care*,  
Except my *God* will please to take me hence,  
And make his glorious *Kingdome* my *defence* ;

Was it not grief enough to be absented  
 Five years from him, whose absence was lamented  
 With *teall drops*, yet then I could obtain  
 Some hope to see him in his throne again.

But hark! me thinks my Fancy seems to hear  
 An air of *comfort* breathing in my ear,  
 It is the voice of *Charles*, whose pleasing breath  
 Seems to advance me from the shades of *death* :  
 Methinks I hear his language which distills  
 Out from the *Limbeck* of his soul, and fills  
 My pining heart with a triumphing joy,  
 His voice revives me, but his words destroy,  
 He thus proceeds; —oh thou that art the *vine*  
 Which twists about this twining heart of mine,  
 Approach my *presence*, and I will declare  
 How great my *suff'ring*s, and my *comforts* are :

First I was cast, and banded to and fro  
 From place to place, permitted not to go  
 Without a guard, a guard that did pretend  
 Rather to act a *murder*, than defend :  
 Then was I hurried to that fatall place  
 Of *London*, where I know I must *concace*  
 My willing soul, which shall rejoice when they  
 That are my *Judges* shall presume to lay  
 Their accusations on me, and declare  
 My new-coyn'd faults with their pretended care,  
 And to advance their plots, they first inferre  
 I am a *Tyrant*, and a *Murderer*,

Nay,

Nay, and a *Traytor* too ; if so it be  
That I'm a *Tyrant*, where's my *Tyranny* ?  
Or if a *Murderer*, I here require (fire.  
To know whose blood it was that quench'd my  
Suppose (but Heav'n forbid) it should be true,  
It was against my *God* I sin'd not *you*,  
Oh what an *age* is this, where seeming *Reason*  
Pretends to make me *Traytor* without *Treason* :  
*Death*, come, and welcome to my *beart*, I know  
That my *Redeemer* lives, and that I owe  
A debt to *Nature*, which cannot be pay'd  
Till these condemned corps of mine are lay'd ;  
Now grief be gone, and let my *comforts* take  
Possession of my *soul*, awake, awake  
My slumbering *senses*, I'll triumph and sing,  
For I have *found*, that *Death* hath *lost* her *sting* ;  
My *soul* informs me, that I must lay down  
This *Mortall* for a true *immortall* *Crown*,  
I'm ravish'd with *delight*, methinks I have  
A *Heav'n* within my *bosome*, to *inslave*  
The *Hell* of *torments* ; grief must stand *aloof*,  
Not daring to approach within my *roof* ;  
The *pleasures* of this *world* do seem to run,  
And fly (like mists) before the morning *Sun*,  
They're all but *transitory*, and can lay  
No claim to *perpetuity*, to day  
They seem like *messengers* of *Joy* ; to morrow  
They prove sad *Heralds*, and proclaim a *sorrow*,

As for the Joyes of *Heav'n* they far surmount  
 My sculs *Arithmetick*, I cannot count  
 Those numerous delights, which alwayes be  
 Attendants to the souls eternitie :

Thou great *Redeemer*, to whose sacred power  
 I now addresse my self, my long'd for *hour*  
 Is almost come, there's but a little *blase*  
 Remains behind, and yet methinks my dayes  
 Seem tedious to my *soul*; I long to throw  
 This *burden* down, that presseth me below,  
 But since thy pleasure must be done, not mine,  
 Call when thou pleasest; for my *soul* is thine;  
 I'll not resist thy *hand*, but kiss thy *rod*,  
 I am the *Creature*, thou my gracious *God* :

Come my indulgent *Joyes*, and let my breath  
 Inhabit in your *ears* before my death.  
 Thou *Consort* of my heart, why dost thou waste  
 Those pearly *drops*, why do they make such hast  
 To leave the sweet possessions of thy *eyes*,  
 What wilt thou make a watry *Sacrifice*?  
 Oh do not weep, *Heav'n* is not please'd to see  
 Those gliding *streams*, which trickle down for  
 My tender *babes*, oh why do you stand by, (me;  
 And imitate your *Mother's* stormie *eye*,  
 Restrain those tears; for every drop you shed  
 Falls on my moyst'ned *heart*, and there hath bred  
 A brim fill'd *fountain*, which at last will drownd  
 My *heart*, and give your *selves* the greatest wound.

Let

Let not, oh let not, your sad eyes express  
So great a sorrow for my happinesse ;  
Chear up, chear up, dear souls, and learn to keep  
Those tears, or weep, to see your Mother weep,  
Weep not for me, I'm going to receive  
A lasting Crown, oh leave (for heav'n's sake) leave  
Those heart-infringing groans, why do ye vex  
My Heav'n desiring soul, and thus perplex  
Your penfive hearts, forbear, and be appeas'd,  
Be not displeased with what Heav'n is pleas'd ;  
Oh how can ye expect that he'l fulfill  
Your large desires, if thus you thwart his will ;  
Come smile upon me, and that smile will give  
My heart a great encouragement to live,  
Death's but a speedy passage from this life  
Unto a better, and concludes all strife  
Between this World and us, whilst here we draw  
Corrupted air, we're subject to the law  
Of grief and care, which daily circumvents  
Discordious hearts with griping discontents.  
Be not dejected at my death, but rather  
Rejoyce to think that heav'n will be your father,  
Comfort your woefull mother that hath been  
A carefull Parent, and my loyall Queen ;  
Give her that full Obedience which is due,  
And heav'n will be affectionate to you.  
Oh let the fear of God be always plac'd  
Before your eyes ; Let vertue be embrac'd ;

What

What ere ye do, be carefull to reserve  
 A spotlesle *mind*, which will at last preserve  
 Your Heav'n-bred *souls*, let not your *furies* rage  
 Into *revenge*, but labour to asswage  
 The flames of *anger*, let them not aspire  
 Beyond your reach; *Passion's* the *worst* of *fire*.  
 Be not too much addidcted to the *hate*  
 Of *any*, but be wisely *moderate*,  
 And when your *bands* begin to undertake  
 A consequentiall *work*, be sure t'awake  
 Your slumb'ring *reasons*, labour to advise  
 VVith *Heav'n*, and he will crown your *enterprise*  
 VVith full *successe*, and if your *foes* should chance  
 To gain the day, permit your thoughts to glance  
 Upon your private *Crimes*, and learn to know  
 Th' *effect* can never absolutely show  
 The *justnesse* of a *cause*, for oftentimes  
 Just *Heav'n* is pleas'd to punish private *Crimes*  
 VVith publick *means*; God knows my *cause* was  
 And yet he lay'd my *Armies* in the *dust*: (just,  
 Shall I repine, because I daily see  
 My *foes* prevail, and triumph over me,  
 No, no, I will not, they shall *live* to *die*,  
 VVhen I shall *dye* to *live* and *glorifie*  
 The *Generall* of *Heav'n*, within whose *Tent*  
 I hope to rest, where *Time* will ne're be spent.  
 But now, ah now, these *lips* must bid *farewell*,  
 Methinks I hear (Deaths *Orator*) the *Bell*

Plead

Plead for an *issue*, and I must not stay,  
*Death* comes in hast, and I must post away.

Come then my tender *Babes*, and dearest *Spouse*,  
(Thou that wast alwayes constant to thy *vows*)  
And let these short-liv'd *arms* of mine inclose  
You all together, e're I do repose  
My earth defatigated *limbs*; forbear  
To drench my *farewell* in so large a *tear*;  
My dear *Relations*, if my wasting *glasse*  
Afford no *sand*, I must be gone; Alasse  
Tears cannot hold my *soul*, and who may have  
More priviledge to *take*, than he that *gave*;  
My *Journie's* almost ended, and I must  
Take up an *Inn*, and lodge my self in *dust*:  
Then shine upon me with the beams of *mirth*,  
That I may say, I saw a *Heav'n* on *earth*,  
A pleasing *smile* or *two* will make me know  
No pain in *death*, but if in *tears* you flow,  
Oh then —

— But know, my dearest, *Heav'n* will be  
A fitter *husband* for thee far than me.  
Thou need'st not fear thy foes contrivirg *arms*,  
They cannot keep thee from his folding *arms*;  
As they have done from *mine*: oh may we meet,  
I dare not say, within a *winding-sheet*;  
For I am sure those weeping *babes* will miss  
Th'unwelcome absence of so great a *blisse*:

But

But when my *husband*, heav'n shall please to bring  
 Thy *soul* into his *Quire*, oh then we'l sing  
 Prolonged *Anthems*, where we shall combine  
 Our *souls* together, in a place *divine*; (band  
 Till then—oh wh<sup>v</sup>, why does thy trembling  
 Freez within *mine*? Ah me; why dost thou stand  
 And gaze upon me? Are thy *veins* afraid  
 To entertain thy *blood*? has grief betray'd  
 Thy fainting heart to *death*? wilt thou preede  
 My resolutions? give me leave to lead  
 The way to *heav'n*; Alasse and wilt thou die  
 Because I cannot *live*? cast back thine *eye*  
 Upon thy *Royall Issue*, do but see  
 How fast their *sights* do sail in *tears* to thee,  
 Oh let the sight of them revive thy *beart*,  
 Clear up, and give me courage to depart;  
 For they that die because another dies,  
 Usurp a *death*, and make themselves a *prize*;  
 Do not, oh do not thus torment thy *soul*  
 For my *departure*, if you must condole,  
 Condole my *stay*, my *soul* desires to be  
 Dissolv'd (indulgent God) and rest with thee.  
 A bed of *Roses*, that's a fading *sweet*,  
 Oh there's no comfort to a winding *sheet*,  
 A *Grave*'s the best of *Palaces*, for there  
 Is neither whining *grief*, nor pining *care*:  
 Why should we scorn this *earth* that entertains  
 Our wearied *bones*, and hides us from our *pains*:

*Earth*

Earth is a place of worth, yet would I have  
Not any dote upon't, but for a grave :  
Now death march bravely on, and let thy *dart*  
Sing as it flies unto my obvious *heart*,  
What ? art thou daunted ? dost thou fear to kill  
Because I am a *King* ? what ? daunted still ?  
Why dost thou look so pale ? what, art thou charm'd  
By *Majesty* : or has thy *self* disarm'd  
Thy *self*, or else art thou ashame'd to do  
So foul a *deed*, or wilt thou not imbrew  
Thy *shaft* in Royall *blood* ? Come lay aside  
Thy *fear* and *shoot*, or else my *foes* will *abide* :  
But hold awhile (nor do I bid thee stay,  
Because my *soul's* desirous of delay)  
Once more thou sole *Commandresse* of my *breast*,  
Draw near before I fall into my *rest* ;  
Approach unto me, let these *lips* of mine  
Intail a *farewell* on those *cheeks* of thine.  
Weep not, but let thy tender *knees* salute  
The *ground* with *mine*, let's labour to confute  
Our *sorrows* with our *pray'rs*, and recommend  
Our *souls* to *heav'n*, whose *glory* knows no *end* ;  
Thou *great*, thou *glorious*, thou all *ruling King*,  
Thou *rock*, thou *fount'ain*, thou *eternall spring*  
Of *Grace* ; we that are cloathed with the *night*  
Of *sin*, present our *selves* into thy *sight*,  
And with unfained *hearts* devoutly pray  
That thou would' st send thy *Son* to chase away

Our

Our soul-absconding *clouds*, that thou mayst take  
 A pleasure to behold us, for his sake  
 VVe beg this needsfull gra-*e*, in whom we know  
 Thou art well pleased, and to whom we owe  
 A debt unpayable, oh therefore let  
 Thy satisfying *mercy* pay our *debt*; (tune  
 Oh hear our *prayers*, which strongly do impor-  
 Thy gracious *pardon*, though it was our fortune  
 To be uufortunate, yet let us be  
 Indulgent *Father*, fortunate with thee,  
 Forgive our youthfull *sins*, and speak some *peace*  
 Unto our *souls*, and as our *sins* encreas<sup>t</sup>,  
 So let thy *mercy*, more, and more abound,  
 That having *lost* our *sins*, thou may<sup>t</sup> be found;  
 Heal our *back-slidings*, guide us in thy *way*,  
 That so our feet may never go astray;  
 Oh bleſſe these *blessings*, which thy blessed *band*  
 Bestow'd upon me, let them fill the *Land*  
 VVith good *examples*, guard them from their *foes*,  
 And send them *patience*, when thou send'ſt them  
 Hear me for them, oh *God*, and them for me (woes.  
 And hear our *Saviour* for us *all*, and be  
 A *father*, and a *husband* to them *all*,  
 And let me *rise* in *mercy* when I *fall*;  
 Strengthens their *souls*, and teach them to *renew*  
 Their *patience*, when my *soul* shall bid adue  
 To this *infatuated world*, oh let  
 Their *hearts* *seclude* all *grief*, for 'tis a *debt*

That

That must be pay'd, let thy *eachequer* take  
Such ill-coyn'd treasure, as my soul can make;  
Oh grant (dear Father) this my great request,  
Then take me when thou pleasest to thy rest:  
So; now my *Joyes* be chearfull, let's create  
A heav'nly *mirth*, and let our *sorrows* wait  
Upon our *pleasures*, let our *watchfull eyes*,  
Observe our *Makers* great *immunities*.

Let's first observe how his free *band* provided  
For us, before we were, how he divided  
The *water* from the *land*, and made it *drie*.  
To entertain our *feet*, and made the *skie*  
To give us *light*, and afterwards he made  
Poor helpless *Man*, that suddenly betray'd  
Himself to *ruine*, and by deviation,  
Abus'd the glory of his free *Creation*.  
But see the bounty of our *God* above,  
Who quickly turn'd his *fury* into *love*,  
And send a speedy *baljome* to make sound  
The deadly *anguish* of so deep a *wound*;  
And shall we be *ungratefull*? Shall we not  
Remember him that never yet forgot  
To pity *us*, and shall we wast our *dayes*  
In vain *contentions*, and not give him *praise*?  
Tht gave us his own *Son*? whose willing *breath*  
Redeem'd our *souls* from everlasting *death*.  
Alas how miserable had we been,  
Had his spontaneous *death* not stept between

*Veng'ance*

*Veng'ance, and us, and shall we then deny  
What he requires, if he command that I  
Retire unto him, shall my soul refuse  
To run unto him, and imbrace the news,  
Or no, it must not, he's accurst that shall  
Desire to stay, if beav'n be pleas'd to call.  
Death has no ears to hear complaints, 'tis vain  
To weep for that which tears cannot regain :*

*You my sad standers by, when death shall send  
A Message to my heart, forbear to spend  
Offensive tears, but rather joy that I  
Am gone before you to Eternity,  
Where now methinks I see you all, and hear  
The lofty Seraphims salute my ear  
VVith heav'n bred raptures, which does ev'n woe  
My soul out of my ears, I long to goe,  
And fill my self with melody, and sing  
Perpetuall Hallelujahs to my King.*

*So ; now my wasting lamp beginst to bla'e,  
Come death and put a period to my dayes,  
Let out my life, that I may fly unto  
My God, and bid this loathed world adieu :  
Adieu vain pleasures of unconstant earth,  
Adieu false Joyes, and world-derived mirth :  
My dear Relations, I must now express  
A farewell to you all, and then address  
My self to beav'n, within whose Courts I shall  
(My soul now tells me) shortly meet you all.*

Till

Till then enjoy what *Heav'n* shall please to give,  
And rather study how to dye than *live* ;  
Make use of *time*, and languish not in vain  
Those *hours*, which cannot be recall'd again,  
Comfort each other, and if *fortune* frown,  
Smile you at *fortune*, lay your *sorrows* down  
Before the face of *Heav'n*, and he'l relieve  
Your pining *wants*; oh let your hearts not grieve  
For *food* and *raiment*, labour to be true,  
And he that feeds the *Ravens* will feed you.

Oh let your morning *thoughts* be sure to mount  
To *Heav'n*'s high *Altar*, give him an account  
Of all your *Actions*, they which every day  
Make their accounts to *God* prepare a way  
To go to *Heav'n*, but *time* will give me leave  
T'expresse no more, my soul begins to cleave  
Unto a blest *eternity*, my *heart*  
Declares unto me, that I must depart;  
*Time* whets his *sithe*: oh do not ring my *Knell*  
With *sighs* and *jobs*, farewell my *joyes*, farewell.

So now the *Load-stone* of this *world* shall have  
No art t'attract my *soul*, I'l not enslave  
My self to *earth*, shall transitory *toyes*  
Surrept my *soul* from *heav'n*'s eternall *joyes*?  
Oh no, they shall not; now I'l dedicate  
My self to thee (my *God*) who didst create  
Both *soul* and *body*; thou that know'st the thoughts  
And *hearts* of *Kings*, and numerates their *faults*

Pardon what I have done amisse to thee,  
 Forgive my enemies; Thou know'st I'm free  
 From what I suffer for, thou know'st my bands  
 Are clear from blood, thou know'st that my commands  
 Were not tyranical, thou know'st my brest (bands)  
 Was never stain'd with Treason; My request  
 Oh God is this; that thou wouldst make them  
 (And timely feel) what a most wilful blow (know  
 They've given to their Consciences; oh turn  
 Their flaming hearts to thee, which daily burn  
 Against thy servants, cause them to relent;  
 And let their griefs induce them to repent,  
 Be mercifull to them as they were cruell.  
 To me and mine, oh quench the blazing fuel  
 Of their desires, give them not their deserts,  
 But wash my blood from their unfountain'd  
 And as for me presented to thy eyes (hearts:  
 Suppos'd (as an atoning Sacrifice)  
 By them whose sev'n years malice have contriv'd  
 My downfall when my body is disliv'd,  
 Receive my soul into thy glorious Tent,  
 And make's a member of thy Parliament;  
 Now farewell world, and dirt composed Crowns,  
 Farewell earths smiles, and fortunes surly frowns.  
 Farewell to you that thus my life expell,  
 Oh may my farewell, make you all fare well.

Reader;

Reader the sound of death hath made me start  
Out of my slumbers, and my wak'ned heart  
Trembles within me ; Oh what shall we do ?  
Oh may I never dream to dream thus true ;  
But since 'tis so, (kind Reader) let thy eye  
Survey the paths of his sad Elegie,  
Lavish not out your tears too fast, but keep I  
A strong reserve, your eyes must bleed or weep.  
*Till then adieu, and when I meet thee there,  
Reader, assure thy self, I'll spend a tear.*

D 2

AN



AN  
 E L E G Y  
 UPON  
*That never to be forgotten*  
 CHARLES,  
 THE FIRST.

**W**HAT; do I dream, or does my  
*fancy scatter*  
 Into my various *minde* a reall matter.  
 What ayls my *thoughts*? what uncorrected *passion*  
 Is this, that puts my *Senses* out of fashion?  
 Where am I hurried? what sanguinious place  
 Is this I breath in, garnish'd with *disgrace*;  
 Why; what's the reason that my *eyes* behold  
 These waves of *blood*? does the *red sea* infold  
 My shivering *body*, oh what stormy *weather*  
 Was that which violently tost me hither;  
 Where am I now? what rubicundus *light*  
 Is this? that bloodies my amazed sight?

What

What *Reformation's* this that's newly bred,  
And turns my *white* into so deep a *Red*.  
Awake my *fancy*, come, delude no more,  
Say, are my *feet* upon the *English shore*?  
Sure not; these are usurping thoughts that reign  
Within the Kingdome of a troubled brain :  
If this be *England*, oh what alteration  
Is lately bred within so blest a *Nation* ;  
My soul is now assured ; for I see  
Those lofty structures where mild *Majesty*  
Did once recide ; abounding with a *flood* (blood.)  
That swells (and almost moats them round) with  
*England*, sad object, that wer't lately crown'd  
With a most glorious *Prince*; how art thou drownd  
In Royall *blood*? was not thy *master-vein*  
Open'd of late, ah who can stop't again?  
Look round about thee, and thou shalt descry  
How ev'ry face imports an *Elegy*.  
Review thy self, see how thou art ingrain'd  
With guiltless *blood*? was ever *Land* so stain'd?  
Needs must your hearts expect a cloudy *night*  
Now *Sol* is set, and *Cynthia* wants her light :  
And dost thou think, O *England* to immure  
Thy self in *blood*, and always rest secure?  
Oh no assure thy self there is a hand,  
That rules *above*, which will correct thy *Land*:  
Be well advis'd, oh *Nation*, learn to know,  
That language cannot ebb, when *blood* shall flow,

All hearts; all eyes, all bands, all tongues, all Quills  
 Will think, will weep, will write, & speak their wills,  
 I'le not invoke, this subject will invite  
 Th' obdurest hearts, and teach that pen to write,  
 Which never fram'd a Letter, and infuse  
 The seed of life into a barren *Muse* :  
 Thou Great *instruder*, teach me to distill  
 An *Eagles* vertues with an *Eagles* quill :  
 Rais'd by a fall, my *Muse* begins to sing  
 The melancholly farewells of a *King*.

And is he gone, did not the dolefull *Bells*  
 Dissolve, when as they told his sad *Farewells*.  
 If he be gone? what language can there be  
 Remaining in this land, except, *Ah me.*  
 Ah me, Alas, how is this *realm* unblest  
 In such a losse? — I cannot speak the rest :  
 My *heart* is full of arrows shot of late  
 From the stiffe *bow* of a commanding *State*.  
 Each wound is mortal, yet in spight of pain,  
 I'le pull them out, and shoot them back again ;  
 And when my tongue shall empty out my *heart*,  
 Let *death* surprize me with a single *dart*,  
 I'le strive t'outface rebellion ; and my eyes  
 Shall scorn all new invented *Tyrannies*.  
 Sorrow will not be tongue-ty'd, tides must run  
 Their usuall courses, till their strength is done :  
 I have a stream of grief within my brest,  
 That tumbles up and down, and cannot rest;

I am resolv'd (let death dissuade) to speak  
What Reason dictates, or my heart must break,  
I'le mount the stage, let standers by behold  
My actions, for my sorrows must be bold:  
I fear not those, whose powers may controll  
The language of my tongue, but not my soul ;  
Advance dejected souls, hear reason call,  
Let not the truth be passive, though we fall.  
Blush not to own those tears, which you have spent  
In private for a Publick discontent ;  
Let not your tongues be Pris'ners to your lips,  
When Justice calls, oh let not fear eclipse  
The light of truth, rouse up your selves, draw near  
When Justice finds a tongue, find you an ear.  
The day's expir'd, bright Sol hath drawn his head  
Within the curtains of his Tethian bed,  
Where shall we hide our slumbering souls, and lay  
Our wearied limbs, till he renew's the day ?  
A day ! alas, have not our wretched eyes  
Seen a great fall, can we expect a Rise ? (powr's  
Should Heav'n (who justly may) command his  
To expell his light, as we have lately ours,  
What should we do? Where should we find a sun  
That have by too much doing quite undone  
Our wilfull selves? by snuffing out that light  
Which he inspir'd, to guard us from the night  
Of sad confusion ; Ah how could we spoil  
So pure a lamp, and so usurp that oil

Which was ordain'd to nourish us? We run  
 To light a *Candle*, and put out the *Sun*;  
 In vain we waste our times, and range about  
 To look for new lights; now the old light's out,  
 We seek; and we may find; but heav'n knows when  
*Old lights* were made by *God*, and *new* by *men*.

Shake *England*, for thy *Grand Upholder's* down,  
 Thy feet have lately spurn'd against thy *Crown*,  
 Thy bands are daub'd with *blood*, one *ruine* calls  
 An other to the others *funeralls*:

*Destruction* thunders, and the *earth* is fill'd  
 With dolefull *echoes*; blood that hath been spill'd  
 By unjust *bands* (like *Seas*) begin to roar,  
 As if it would take revenge upon the *shore*:  
 The *whistling woods*, and their subiected *springs*  
 Sends forth *Elegious blasts*, each corner rings  
 With unaccustom'd *sounds*; all things ex; resse  
 (By their prognosticating looks) *unhappinesse*;  
 Deploring *Philomel* does now repeat  
 Contristed *notes* upon her *Tborney seat*,  
 She has forgot those sweet *nocturnall notes*,  
 Which lately charm'd all *sorrow*, now she dotes  
 Upon her wofull, her prolixed *tones*,  
 And finds no *sweetnesse* in her *bitter groans*:

The *Commons* of the *air* conspire to throw  
 Their *Sovereign* down, and will not fly so low  
 As formerly; but are resolv'd to be  
 Oppugnant to the *Eagles* *Majesty*,

How pregnant is Rebellion every where,  
Not onely here on earth, but in the air?   
Can thunder roar, and not the lofty sound  
Be heard? can Cedars fall unto the ground,  
And not be seen? can Mountains shrink away  
And not observ'd? or can there be a day,  
Without a Sun, or can there be a night  
Without some darknesse? can there be a light  
Put out unwanted? or can murther be  
Committed upon sacred *Majesty*,  
And not lamented? sure no humane heart  
Can be so brazen, as not to impart  
Some sorrow to the world for such a loffe,  
*When gold is gone, how uselesse is the drosse:*  
Now mournful Muses light your Torches all,  
T'attend your glory to his Funerall;  
Shall your *Mecenas* dye, and you stand still,  
And not appear upon *Parnassus* hill?  
Away, away, invoke *Apolloes* aid,  
Tell him that your *Mecenas* was betray'd  
To an unlawfull death, and you desire  
To sacrifice a *verse*; And then retire:

Could I translate my heart into a *verse*,  
I'de pin it with my soul upon his *verse*.  
Could I command the *world*, Id'e make it burn  
Like a pure *lamp* upon his sacred *Urn*:  
Could I command all eyes, I'de have them make  
(As a memorall for Great *Charles* his sake)

A *sea* of tears that after-ages may :  
 Lament to see, but not lament to say, "He di'd without a *tear* ; and it should be  
 Call'd the salt *sea* of flowing *Loyalty* : (spend  
 Could I command all *hearts*, I'de make them  
 Some drops of *blood* upon his *tomb*, and send  
 Millions of *sighs* to *Heav'n*, that may express  
 His death was *Englands* great unhappinesse ;  
 Could I command all *tongues*, I'de make them run  
 Division on his *praise*, till *time* were done ;  
 Could I command all *hands*, I'de strike them dead,  
 Because they should not rise against their *head*.  
 Could I command all *feet*, I'de make them go,  
 And give the *Son* that duty which they owe  
 To his deserts —

I'm in a *desart*, and I know not where (fair  
 To guide my *steps*, that path which seems most  
 Proves most pernicious to me, and will lend  
 My feet a good *beginning*, but no *end*. (next  
 Great *Charles*, oh happy word, but what's the  
 (Bad's th' application of so good a *Text*)  
 Is dead ; most killing word ; what is he dead ?  
 Nay more, (if more may be) he's murthered :  
 Ah then my thoughts are murther'd, my sad eyes  
 Shall never cease to weep his *Obsequies* :  
 I'de turn this *place* into a bubbling *spring*.  
 Of briny *tears* ; and then I'lle freely bring

A Sacrifice to sorrow, which shall be  
A flaming heart that's crown'd with Loyalty :  
Now could I spend an age in thoughts, and tyre  
The night with sighs, methinks I could inspire  
Sorrow it self, and teach it to proclaim  
What ruine waits upon our new-bred flame :  
But 'tis in vain, persuasions have no power  
On them, whose resolutions can devour  
Both Law and Reason, two most horrid Crimes  
In these pernicious, these contentious Times :  
Come then my thoughts, and let us ruminante  
Vpon our sorrows ; oh unhappy Fate,  
Why didst thou snuffe out Charles his royall blaze  
In the Aurora of his well-spent dayes ?  
But 'tis in vain to blame thee, for thy hand  
Cannot restrain to strike, if God command ;  
Heav'n saw he was too good to be enjoy'd  
By us ; but not too good to be destroy'd  
For his own glory ; Let's rejoice, we had  
So good a King ; but grieve, to think how bad  
We us'd his goodnessse ; We may justly say,  
He gave in mercy what he took away  
In Judgement, for his own commands appointed  
We should not touch (much more slay) his anointed,  
And yet we have (as if our hearts had sworn  
To contradict his will) abus'd and torn  
His own Vicegerent, to whose th'iving hand  
He gave the Scepter of a glorious Land :

But

But now (unhappy Land) thy glorie's fled,  
 Thy *Crown* is fallen, and thy *Charles* is dead ;  
 Go then, deplore thy self, whilst others sing  
 The living *vertues* of thy martyr'd King ;  
 His glory shall survive with *Fame*, when they  
 Shall lye forgot'en in a heap of *Clay*.  
 That were the *Autbours* of his deatb, their bones  
 Shall turn to *ashes*, as their hearts are *stones* :  
 But did my tongue expresse that they should be  
 Forgot ; oh ne, their long liv'd *Tyranny*  
 Shall be perpetuall, hark, misfortune sings  
*The worst of Tyrants kill'd the best of Kings.*  
 He was the best ; what impious tongue shall dare  
 To contradict my language, or impare  
 His living worth, and they that go about  
 To blast his *Fame*, oh may their tongues drop out.  
 Pardon oh *Heav'n*, if passion make me break  
 Into extreams, who can forbear to speak  
 In such a lawfull cause ? may we not claim  
 A priviledge to speak in *Charles* his name.  
 Is any timerous ? then let them keep  
 Their language, and reserve themselves to weep :  
 Is any joyfull ? let them keep their mirth  
 To please the *Tyrants* of this groaning earth.  
 Is any sorry ? let them keep their grief  
 Till *beav'n* shall please to send their souls relief ;  
 Did ever *Land* find so great a *losse* ?  
 Was ever *Nation* crownd with such a *crosse* ?

Could ever Kingdome boast they had a Prince  
That could be more laborious to convince  
The errors of his times, or contradict  
The dictates of his rage, or be more strict  
In his Devotions, ne're did Prince inherit  
So rich a Crown, with so enrich'd a spirit.

He was the best of conquerours ; he made  
Conquests of hearts, although he was betray'd  
By some inferiour spirits which he found  
Had lately started from the lowly ground,  
And were not worth a conquest ; yet he gave  
Them more respects, than their deserts could crave.  
None could observe during the time he stood  
Before his Pilates, that his Royall blood  
Mov'd into fury, but his heart was prone  
To hear their speeches, and retort his own ;  
But when they found his language did increase  
With sense, he was desir'd to hold his peace:  
And some related that their furies bred,  
Because his bat inclos'd his Royall bead. |

Good God what times are these, when Subjects dare  
Presume to make their Sovereign stand bare ; (place  
And when they sent him from their new made  
Of Justice, basely spit upon his face,  
But he, whose patience could admit no date,  
Conquer'd their envies, and subdu'd their bate.  
Ah who could blame our Sovereign to decline  
Their ways, and say, was ever grief like mine ?

First

First when his feet approach'd into the Hall,  
 The ill tun'd tongues of Sycophants would call  
 Aloud for Justice, though they never knew  
 What Justice was, yet still they would renew  
 Their most confounding, and discordious notes,  
 And baul for Justice with their sluce-like throats  
 But he that Lamb of Patience, never vented  
 A word of anger, but with speed prevented  
 Their louder cryes, and with a pleasing breath  
 Reply'd; if Justice can be gain'd by *desib*,  
 Ye shall not want it, onely be conntent,  
 Ye may as soon endeavour to repent,  
 As now ye do to spill my blood; advise,  
 Your souls will suff'r for your forward cryes;  
 Having thus spoke immediately he stopt  
 Unto the barre, where for a time he kept  
 Himself in silence, like a sun he shin'd  
 Amongst those gloomy clouds which had combin'd  
 Themselfes together, plotting to disgrace  
 His orsent hysre, and impal'd his face;  
 And with a thundring voice, they first salute  
 His ears with Tyrant, Traytor, and impure  
 Murder unto him, with a pleasing smile  
 He look'd upon them, and a little while  
 He made a pause; but by and by, he broke  
 His silent lips, and moderately spoke  
 To this effect, may I desire to know  
 From whence this great authority doth flow

That

That you pretend to act by? if it be  
Derivative; I shall desire to see,  
And know from whom, till then I shall deny  
To give my tongue a licence to reply:  
You are our *Pris'ner* Sir, you ought not to  
Demand what your appointed *Judges* do,  
For our *Authority*, 'tis known at large  
Unto our *seives*; pray answer to your *Chargē*,  
Or else we shall proceed. I thought I'ave seen  
My *Lords* and *Peers* together, that had been  
A means to make my fading *bopes* renew,  
For most of *them* I know, but none of *you*.  
As for my *Charge*, I own it as a thing  
Of small concernment, as I am a King  
You cannot try me, what your new made *Laws*  
May do I know not, have a care and pause  
Before you act in *blood*, strive to convince  
Your stubborn *hearts*, and know I am your *Prince*,  
Y'are but abortive *Judges*, have a care,  
Ye may be tangled in your own made *snare*:  
Proceed; ye can but throw me to the *earth*,  
They which parturiate needs must own the *birth*,  
God knows my *heart*, 'tis not my *life*, that I  
Account of, but my *Subjects*; *Liberty*,  
That's all that I desire; — Sir now we must  
A little interrupt you, 'tis unjust  
A *Pris'ner* (as you are) should be allow'd  
So great a *priviledge*; y'ave disavow'd

Our

Or known Authority, atid make a spo: t  
 Of reall Justice, and affront the Court ;  
 Feed not your guilty heart with such delay,  
 VVaste no more time, for Justice will no: stay ?  
 Pray give me leave to speak Great Charles reply'd  
 You ought not Sir to speak, w're satisfi'd  
 Already of your guilt, you must prepare  
 To hear your Sentence, and you must forbear  
 Your vain and w:ak discourses : Is it so,  
 He then reply'd; that I am forc'd to go  
 Away unheard; Alas, 'tis not the voice  
 Of death can daunt my breast, ye may rejoice  
 At my destruction, though you have no ear  
 To entertain my language, heav'n will hear.  
 Take notice people; that your King's deny'd  
 To speak : was ever Justice rul'd by Pride ?

Thus having laid the burthen of their spight  
 Upon his head, they sent him from their sight;  
 But he (that was inspir'd by heav'n) did shew  
 A countenance that did import their woe,  
 More than a sorrow for his death, his face  
 VWas dy'd with honour, theirs with foul disgrace,  
 His patience was their passions, and they found  
 His mind a Kingdome where his heart was crown'd  
 VVith constant love, oh that I could rehearse  
 His living virtues with a living verse :  
 But now my Pen must leave him for a time,  
 And dwell upon the mountains of that crime,

VVhich

Which they committed, put a *King* to death!  
Oh horrid *action*! what venomous *breath*—  
Pronounc'd that fatall *Sentence*? may it live  
To poysone *Scorpions*, and not dare to give  
The least of sounds to any humane *ear*;  
Sure he was *deaf* himself and could not hear  
The cadence of his *language*, for the sound  
Had been sufficient to inflict a *wound*  
Within his marble *heart*; oh such a deed (bleed  
Stabs Kingdomes to the *hearts*, and makes them  
Themselves to *death*; to lose so good a *King*  
By such base means, will prove a *viperous sting*  
To this detested Land; —

— If *Kings* transgresse,  
And prove *Tyrannicall*, we must addressse  
Our selves to *beav'n*, and by our *Prayers* desire  
Th'assistance of his *mercy* to inspire  
Our *souls* with true *obedience*, that we may  
Strengthen our *selves*, and *passively* obey  
What *actively* we cannot; for *Kings* reign  
By *God*, we therefore ought not to maiestain  
Our *rage* against them: he that shall controul,  
The *actions* of a *King*, burthens his *soul*  
With a most ponderous *crime*; If to suppose  
But *Id* of *Kings* be sin, oh how have those (made  
Transgress'd what have destroy'd their *King* and  
Him *subject* to bad *subjects* that betray'd

E

Their

Their souls to Tyranny : Oh Heav'n forgive  
 What they have done, and let their sorrows live  
 Within their souls ; oh make them to behold  
 Their errors ; let not Conquest make them bold.  
 Here stop my Muse, let's labour to accost  
 Our former glory, *Charles*, though we have lost  
 His Sacred Person, yet we must not lose  
 His happy *memory*; Ah who can chuse  
 But sigh, when as they seat his glorious *name*  
 Within their serious thoughts : if ever *Fame*  
 Receiv'd a *Crown* ; It was from him whose worth  
 My wearied *Quill*'s too weak to blazon forth ;  
 And when the best of my endeavour's done,  
 I shall but light a *Candle* to the *Sun*,  
 Yet I will spend my strength, a feeble light  
 Plac'd by a greater, makes it shine more bright :  
 He was (tis not unknown to all the earth)  
 A Prince by *virtue*, and a Prince by *birth*.  
 In the *Exordium* of his *reign* he sway'd  
 The *Scepter* of this *Land*, (till time betray'd  
*Cupid* to *Mars*) with a *Majestick* brow,  
 And made his chearfull *subjects* hearts to bow  
 In *honour*, and it could not be exprest  
 Whether he rul'd *himself*, or *subjects* best ;  
 He was a Prince, whose *life* and *conversation*  
 Impoverish'd *vices*, and intich'd his *Nation*  
 With good *examples*, *honour* never found  
 So sweet a *harbour*, *virtue* never crown'd]

So rare a heart; *Life* reign'd within his eye,  
And there was cloathed with *Divinity*,  
*Vertue*, and *Majesty* did seem to strive  
Within his Royall *breast* which should survive  
In greatest *glory*, but 'twas soon decided,  
*Martha* and *Mary* would not be divided,  
No more would they, there was a *sympathy*  
Between them both, for if the *one* should *dye*,  
The other could not *live*, they were combin'd  
Within his *breast*, and could not be *disjoyn'd*.

*Ob happy is that Land, where Vertue shall  
Meet Majesty within a Princes Hall.*

He was a *King*, not onely over *land*,  
But over *Passion*, for he could command  
His Royall *self*, and when approaching *trouble*  
*Affail'd* his *mind*, his *wisedome* would redouble  
His *present patience*, and he would allow  
The *worst of sorrows*, a *contented brow*;  
His *undivided soul* was *alwayes free*  
To propagate the *works of piety*;  
His *heart* was still attracted to *good motions*,  
By the true *loadstone* of his *firm devotions*.  
He *alwayes* studied how to *recompence*  
*Good deeds* with *full rewards*: as for *offence*  
He sooner would *forgive it*, than *impose*  
*A punishment*; his *meeknesse* made his *foes*  
*Grow supercilious*, and at *laft*, they made  
*A private snare*, and *zealously betray'd*

The *Lord of Englands life*, whose free consent  
 Granted them a *triennial Parliament*  
 To *salve the Kingdome's grievances*, but they  
 Took not the *grievances*, but *Him away* ;  
 It could not be distinguish'd which did reign  
*Mars or Apollo* most within his *brain* :  
 He was a *Cesar*, and the *equall Fame*  
 Of *War and Wisdome* dwelt upon his *Name* ;  
 As for his *Martiall parts*, *Edge hill* will bear  
 An *everlasting record*, how his care  
 And *resolution* did maintain that *fight*,  
 Till day submitted to th' *incroaching night* ;  
 Although *heav'ns Generall* was *pleas'd* to bring  
 Such *small conditions* to so *grat a King* ;  
 We must not judge, that 'tis *successe* that can  
 Procure the *title* of a *Valiant man*,  
 For that will but *instruct him* how to *fly*  
 Upon the *wings* of *popularity*,  
 As for his *Theologick parts* *I may*  
 Without *presumption* absolutely *say*,  
 He was a *second David*, and could raise  
 A *lofty strain* to sing his *Makers praise* ;  
 Read but his *Meditations*, and you'd find  
 His *breast* retain'd a *heav'n enamel'd mind* :

Now *Reader*, close thine *eyes*, and do not read  
 My following *lines*, except thy *heart* can *bleed*,  
 And thou not *dye* ; ah here's a *mournfull Text*,  
 Imports a *death*, suppose what follows next,

And *Hi*

And 'tis enough ; oh that I coud *ingrosse*  
The *language* of the *world*'*xpiente* this *losse*, (fall,  
Break *hearts*, weep *eyes*, lament your *Soveraigns*  
And let him swim unto his *funerall*  
In *Subjects* *tears* ; oh had you seen his *feet*  
Mounted the *stage* of *blood*, and run to *meets*  
The *fury* of his *foes*, and how his *breath*  
Proclaim'd a *correspondency* with *death* ;  
Oh then thy diving *heart* must needs have found  
The *depth* of *sorrow*, and receiv'd a *wound*,  
That *Time* could not recuie, oh such a *light*  
Had been sufficient to have made a *night*  
Within this little *world*, hadst thou but seen  
What *soul*-defending *patience* stood between  
*Passion* and him : with wh't a *pleasing grace*,  
(As if that *death* had *blush'd* within his *face*)  
He look'd upon his *people* which surrounded (ed  
His *mourning Scaffold*, whilst his *thoughts* abound-  
With *heav'nly raptures*, his *Angelick voice*  
Taught *Joy* to weep, and *sorrow* to rejoice ;  
Tears blinded many, that they could not see  
So *bloody*, so abhor'd a *Tragedie*.  
He look'd, as if he rather came to view  
His *Subjects*, than to bid them all adieu ;  
Fear had no *habitation* in his *breast*,  
And what he *spoke* was readily exprest ;  
Heav'n's sacred *Orator* divinely tipp'd  
His tongue with golden *languages*, and dipp'd

His soul in loves sweet fountain, so that all  
 That lov'd, admir'd and griev'd to see him fall;  
 Whilst he (submitting Prince) devoutly pray'd  
 That heav'n would pardon those that had betray'd  
 His body to the grave; as from his soul  
 He had forgave them all, and did condole  
 Their sad conditions, having spent his breath,  
 He yielded (like a lamb) unto his death.  
 Much more he utter'd, but my burthen'd Quill  
 Recoyls, and will not prosecute my will;  
 My Pen and I must now abruptly part.  
 Pardon (oh reader) for love binds my heart  
 With chains of sorrow, let me crave what I  
 Shall want in language, that thou wilt supply  
 In meditation; but before I let  
 My quill desert my hand, I'll make it set  
 This Tragi comick period to my story,  
 Charles liv'd in trouble, and be dy'd in glory.

FINIS:

Habbakuk cap. 1. verse 13.

Thou art of purer eyes (oh God) than to behold evil,  
 and canst not look on iniquity: Wherefore lookest  
 thou upon them that deal treacherously, and holdest thy  
 tongue when the wicked devoureth the man that is  
 more righteous than they?

AN

## AN EPITAPH

Upon

*C*aines have kill'd their *Abel*, laid  
*H*im underneath, whom they betray'd  
*A*nd forc'd to *death*; (Kind Reader) know  
*R*eligion was his overthrow.

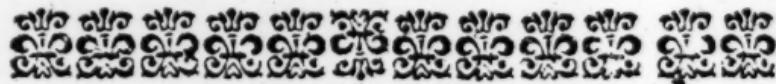
*L*ament, lament, this *fatal* losse,  
*E*ngland never had a *Crosse*.  
*S*o great as this; let every eye

*K*eep tears to weep his *Elegie*.  
*I* may presume to say a *Tombe*  
*N*ever had a richer *wombe*.  
*G*o not till your *sorrows* have

*O* ff'er'd tears unto his *grave*;  
*F*ail not to spend some *reall* *groans*,

*E*xcept your *hearts* are turn'd to *stones*.  
*N*ow me thinks his *ashes* cryes  
*G*uiltlesse *blood*'s a *Sacrifice*,  
*L*ondon lately lost her *heart*,  
*A*nd is sick in *every part*,  
*N*othing could appease but *blood*  
*D*eath took her *King*, and left a *flood*.

FINIS.



# ANE ELEGY UPON

The Right Honourable, the Lord Capell  
 Baron of Hadham; Who was beheaded at West-  
 minister, for maintaining the ancient and Fun-  
 damentall Laws of the Kingdome  
 of England.

March the 9. 1648.

*Heu jacet aut factis vivit ubique suis.*

**D**isturbe me not, my thoughts are mounting  
 To build a Nest for Capell's memory (high,  
 Fool that I am, I do not mean, a Nest.  
 No, nor a Kingdome neither, that's the least  
 Of all my thoughts, It is a world that shall  
 Be rul'd by Capell's echo, hollow all:  
 Ye, sacred Muses, and conspire to bring  
 Materialls for this work and learn to sing;  
 For should ye weep, your eyes might undertake  
 To drown that world which I intend to make.

511

Forbear

Forbear ; your tears are uselesse, you must now  
Gaze upon *death* with an undaunted brow,  
*Capell* has taught us how to entertain  
The pallid looks, of *Mars*, by him we gain  
The art of dying, and from him we have  
The *Definition* of a Noble grave ;  
Rare *soul* I say, thy ever active *Fame*  
Shall build a *world* upon thy pregnant *name*,  
And every *Letter* of thy *Name* shall raise  
A spacious *Kingdome*, where thy ample *praise*  
Shall be recorded, every *hearkning Ear*  
Shall prove ambitious, and admire to hear :  
'Twill be a *glory* when the *world* shall say,  
'T was bravely done, his *Sovereign* led the *way*,  
And he (as valiant *Souldiers* ought to do,  
March'd boldly after, and was alwayes true  
To sacred *Majesty*; his Noble *breath*  
Disdain'd the fear of a *Tyrannick* *death* ;  
*Death* added *life* unto his *thoughts*, for he  
Contemn'd *life*, though bought with *infamie*.  
The very *birds* shall learn to prate and sing,  
How *Capell* suffer'd for his *Royall King*.  
Rouze then ye stupid *sons* of *Morpheus* ; let  
This shining *Sun* of *English* *valour* set,  
And rise within your *horizons*, your *hearts*  
I mean, and teach you how to sing in parts  
The *Anthems* of his *worth* ; oh understand  
That this was he, whose *death* hath fill'd the *Land*  
With

With living sorrow; this was he, whose glory  
Shall lend the world an everlasting story:

You lust-obeying *Tarquins*, that permit  
And tolerate your *pleasures*, to commit  
Adulterated *actions*, and command  
*England*, our poor *Lucretia*, to stand  
Subject to your libidinous *desires*,  
And cannot help her self, heaven grant your *fires*  
May soon expire, that at the last we may  
(Like *Tarquins*) see you banish'd quite away.  
Say, will your hung'ry *appetites* receive  
No satisfaction? have ye vow'd to leave  
No noble *blood*? Alas how can your meek  
And tender *consciences*, thus roar, and seek  
Like greedy *Lyons*, scenting up, and down  
To find your prey in every *Royall Town*.  
Where is that *zeal* which was in former times  
A golden *pretext*, to your drossy *crimes*?  
Doe ye not think of *heav'n*? have you forgot  
There is a *God*; or will ye own him not;  
Where is *Religion* (your upholder) fled?  
What? is that *murther'd* too; or have ye spread  
A vaile upon *her* that she may not be  
Observ'd, or own'd, but in *necessity*,  
Has not *Religion* all this while maintain'd  
Your unjust *cause*? what money's ye have gain'd  
Was for *Religion's* sake, which still supply'd  
Your wants, but now ye're *full*, that's lay'd aside;

*Unhappy*

*Unhappy is t'at land, whose People brags,  
That they have put Religion up in baggs.*

*Money prec. des Religion now; but stay  
Precipitating quill, I've lost my way,  
Nay, and my subje&t too, how came my minde  
Thus much to deviate? oh where shall I finde  
My former subje&t? shall my thoughts abject  
His memory, and own him with Neglect :  
No, no, they shall not, come my Muse, repose,  
Lets think upon our Friend, and let our foes  
Remember us, Capell, thy worth shall fill  
The black-mouth'd concave of my mourning quill.  
He was a Pompie, but receiv'd his harme  
From Tyrants, not from Cæsars noble arme,  
He had an army in his minde, could call  
Vertue to be their bold-fac'd Generall;  
He had no Pride, no faction to create,  
Or nurse division in his peacefull state;  
He had a Court of Justice in his breast,  
But not to tyrannize, or make inquest  
After the sons of Loyalty, or bring  
Illegall Judgments, to their legall King;  
He had a heart, that never us'd to hide  
The heate of envy, or the flames of Pride;  
He had a Conscience never us'd t'exact  
Upon a widowed Kingdome, or extract  
The treasures of a Nation, to defray  
His own desires, he never us'd to play*

The Devil in the habit of a Saint,  
 Or teach his Agitators how to paint  
 A vice with pleasing colours, or prepare  
 His ready eyes to shed a zealous tear  
 With a false heart, he never striv'd to please,  
 And turn the peoples hearts with Peters Keyes ;  
 And to conclude, he never would desire  
 Other mens fuell to maintain his fire ;  
 Now Reader, thou hast heard he had a mind  
 Not Mergag'd unto basenesse, but inclin'd  
 To honourable actions ; It was he  
 That was the Embleme of true Charitie,  
 Yet some unworthy spirits have exprest  
 He was a son of Rome because his breast  
 Was filld with pity, and would still relieve  
 The Poore, whose wants instructed him to grieve,  
 False are those base reports, he was a man  
 Alwayes reputed a great Puritem,  
 And not a Papist, and he had a care  
 To have that bated Book of Common Prayer  
 Read to his Family, himself would joyn  
 His aid to any thing that was Divine ;  
 The Churcb did seldome fail to entertain  
 His Noble self and his domestique train,  
 Untill this blessed Reformation spread  
 It self abroad, and struck Religion dead ;  
 And then indeed his Conscience would refuse  
 To let him hear some Rabshakah abuse

His Gods *Anointed*, and his *reall heart*  
Could not endure to hear *time-servers* dart  
Arrows of *envy* at his *King*, and rail  
Against his *Consort*, lab'ring to intail  
Disgrace upon their *names*, and fill the earth  
With heaps of *errours*, and rebellious *mirth* :  
These things his *heart* abhor'd, he could not hear  
His *King* abused with a patient *ear* :  
He was the *soul* of *Loyalty*, his *mind*  
Was alwayes *active*, for he still inclin'd  
His *thoughts* to *goodnesse*, striving how to bring  
Peace to his *Country*, *honour* to his *King* ;  
He was a *man* that alwayes us'd to fly  
Upon the wings of *true soliditie* ;  
He was *compleat* and *rich* in every *part*,  
His *tongue* was never *traytor* to his *heart* ;  
But now, ah now ( I shall make death too proud  
To speak it ) he hath lately left this *cloud*,  
This *world* of *envy*, and is gone t'inherit  
Those *joyes* which wait upon a *Noble spirit* :  
Now, now he's gone to *beau'ns* *sublimer Court*,  
Where *Justice* lives, a place where *false report*  
Shall find no *ears*, a place where none shall *dye*,  
For being *rich* or *wise* ; there *Loyalty*  
Shall be *respected* ; there, the *weeping eyes*,  
Of *Orphans* shall be *pitiied*, there the *cries*,  
Of *Ladies* pleading for their *Lords* shall find  
A full *respect* ; where *Vertue* is *refin'd*,

There

There must be *happinesse*, oh think but where  
 It is, (kinde Reader) and brave *Capell* ther'e,  
 There, there, he *rests*, who stoutly trode the *stage*  
*Of blood*, whose *life*, whose *death*, no *age*  
*Will ever paralell*, his *courage* gave  
*A life to death*, and *pleasure to a grave* :  
 He had a *pleasing countenance*, his *face*  
*Did seem to blush*, but 'twas for their *disgrace*,  
 And not his *guilt*, he never seem'd t' *expresse*  
*The least of feare*, but hasted to addresse  
*Himself to heav'n*, and like a *stagge*, he bay'd  
*At his unsatiated bounds*, and lay'd  
*His life before them*, and contemn'd their *power*  
*Because he knew*, they only could devour  
*His little world*; but for his *soul*, that *went*  
*Before a more conscientious Parliament*,  
*Where now he rests* in *peacefulnesse*, and *doubles*  
*His pleasures*, whilst his *foes* survive in *troubles*.

There rest *heroick Capell*, and *enjoy*  
*Those rich delights*, which time cannot *destroy*;  
*Rest thou*, whilst those are *restlesse*, which deny'd  
*To let thee rest on earth*, whose *hearts* are ty'd  
*In bloody fetters*, which *conglutinates*  
*Their souls*, and leads them to the *worst of fates*,  
 But now my *quill* growes weak, I must forsake  
*These sable paths*, I dare not undertake  
*So great a journey*, for my *feeble pen*  
*Begins to stagger*, *grief* can teach me *whem*

I shall

I shall begin, but will not prove my friend,  
And lead my sorrows to a peacefull end;  
My thoughts increase, this subject would infuse  
A youthfull life into an ancient Muse.

My heare's compos'd of raptures, and my hand  
Receives new strength; methinks I could command  
The spacious world, and teach it to expresse  
His praise on earth, though not his happiness  
In heav'n, where now I'le leave him, and retire;  
I'le cease to write, and practise to admire.

*Ye have killed, and condemned the Just, and be doth  
not resist you. Jam. 5. 6.*

AN EPI-

Upon

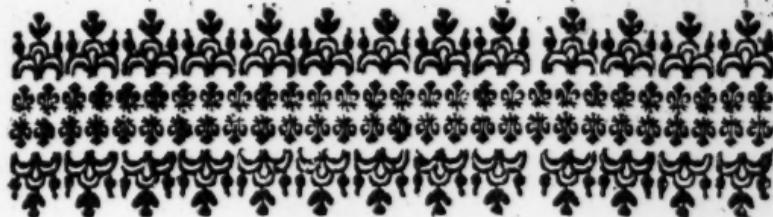
*The Right Honourable,*

*A towre is fallen, and it lyes  
 R epresented to thy eyes :  
 T herefore, Reader, if thy breath  
 H ad interest in his death  
 U nfix thy thoughts, and post away,  
 R eason forbids a Tyrants stay :*

*L avish out your hearty cryes,  
 O pen wide your flowing eyes,  
 R ecord his worth, and let all hearts  
 D oate upon his living parts :*

*C an any think upon his Name,  
 A nd not labour to proclaim  
 P erpetuall praises to his worth,  
 E ngaging hearts to set him forth :  
 L et all men say, and not repent,  
 L oe, here lyes Murtherers Complement.*

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat  
 mori.* —————



A  
C V R S E  
A G A I N S T

*The Enemies of PEACE.*

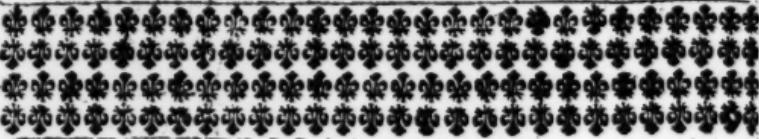
**P**ace, peace, Rebellious Vipers; you that cry  
Advance Mcbannicks, down with Majesty.  
Cease your vain wishes, may ye never rest  
That love no Peace; nay, may ye ne're be  
That envy Sion; ah! shall Sions glory (blest  
Be thus abstracted, and thus made a story  
To a fier-ages? bath your hungry zeale  
Devoured all your senses, at one meal?  
What do ye mean? do ye intend to try  
A Reformation with Phlebotomy;  
Or has your hell-bred thoughts found out a way  
To turn a Canaan to a Golgotha?

Hath the Tartarian Counsellor invented  
 Such thriving plots, that cannot be prevented,  
 Leave off base acts, *Mechanicks*, and begin  
 To deal uprightly, and reforme within :  
 Bury your aged *crimes*, and then go call  
 Your stragling *senses* to the *funerall* :  
 Thus I advise you, if this will not doe,  
 Assure your selves, I'le learn to *curse* ye too.

May *beau'n*, whose frowning *countenance* doth  
 An *angry* resolution, overthrow (show  
 You and your *prick-ear'd* *Progeny*, and make  
 Your *children* suffer, for their *parents* sake ;  
 May ye all *beg*, and *wander up and down*  
 Like *vagabonds*, be lash'd from *Town* to *Town* ;  
 And may the *Loadstones* of your *crimes* attract  
 Ten thousand *plagues*, and may those *plagues* exact  
 Upon your lavish *souls*, let *impious* *Fate*  
 Blush, if she chance to make you *fortunate*.  
 May *torments* pursue *torments*, and still grow  
 Till' *Ritbmet ck* be non-*plust*, and o'rethrow  
 Your *Treason-loaded* *hearts* ; And if this *Curse*  
 Will not succeed, may't yeeld unto a *worse*  
 For you, that this declining age may see  
 The *just rewards* of your *impietie* :  
 Let *basenesse* be entayld upon your *names*,  
 Too strong for all *recovery* ; Let *shames*  
 And lasting *infamies* remaine  
 In deeper *Characters* than that of *Cain*.

May your souls burn, till heav'n shall think it good  
To quench them in your generations blood,  
That all the world may heare you bise and cry,  
Who lov'd no Peace, in Peace shall never dye.

THE



# THE AVTHORS FAREWELL To England.

**E**ngland, farewell; th' affections that I bear  
To thee, I cannot name without a tear;  
I must begon, my troubl'd Conscience loath  
To staine it's welfare with thy new-made  
Heav'n knowes my beart, I truly hate disorders (oath)  
And pitty them that live within thy boarders;  
As for my self; I cannot stoop so low,  
To be subordinate to them, I know  
Are but *inferiors*, though they have of late  
Converted *Monarchy* into a *State*;  
Though *heav'n* conceales his anger for a tyme,  
Giving them leave to dote upon a *crime*;

A day will come to plague their souls, and then  
They'll prove but devills, in the shapes of men.

And so farewell poor England, quite farewell,  
Where Furyes reigne, there needs must be a Hell.

*Anglia, jam quantum, quantum mutata velutias,  
Nunc caput es sceleris, qui calut orbis eras.*

On

*On the death of his Royall Majesty Charls late King  
of Eng'and, &c.*

What went ye out to see? a dying King?  
Nay more, I fear an Angel suffering.  
But what went you to see? A Prophet slaine?  
Nay, that and more, a martyr'd Sovereign:  
Peace to that sacred dust! Great Sir, our fears  
Have left us nothing but obedient tears  
To court your hearse; and in those pious flouds  
We live, the poor remainder of our goods.  
Accept us in these later obsequies,  
The unplundered riches of our hearts and eyes,  
For in these faithfull straights and emanations  
We're subjects still beyond all *Sequestrations*.  
Here we cry more than Conquerours: malice  
Murder estates, but hearts will still obey; (may  
These as your glori's yet above the reach,  
Of such whose purple lines confusion preach.  
And now (Dear Sir) vouchsafe us to admire  
With envy your arrivall, and that *Quire*  
Of *Cherubims* and *Angels* that supply'd  
Our duties at your tryumphs: where you ride  
With full celestial *Joys*, and *Ovations*:  
Rich as the conquest of three ruin'd Nations. (hence  
But 'twas the heavenly plot that snatch'd you  
To crown your soul with that magnificence  
And bounden rights of honor, that poor earth  
Could only wish and strangle in the birth.

Such

Such pitied emulation stop'd the blush  
 Of our ambitious shame, non-suited us.  
 For where souls act beyond mortallity,  
 Heaven only can performe that Jubilee.

We wrastle then no more, but bless your day  
 And mourn the anguish of our sad delay :  
 That since we cannot add, we yet stay here  
 Fettered in clay: Yet longing to appear  
 Spectators of your bliss, that being shwon  
 Once more, you may embrace us as your own :  
 Where never envy shall divide us more,  
 Nor City tumults, nor the worlds uproar.  
 But an eternall hush, a quiet peace  
 As without end, so still in the increase  
 Shall lull humanity asleep, and bring  
 Us equall subjects to the heav'nly King.  
 Till when I'le turn *Recusant*, and forswear  
 All *Calvin*, for there's *Purgatry* here.

*An Epitaph.*

**S**TAY Passenger : Behold and see  
 The widdowed grave of *Majest*.  
 Why tremblest thou, here's that will make  
 All but our stupid souls to shake.

Here lies entomb'd the sacred dust  
 Of *Peace* and *Piety*, Right and Just.  
 The blood (O start'ſt thou not to hear?)  
 Of a good King 'twixt hope and fear

Shed

Shed, and hurried hence to bee  
The miracle of miserie.

Adde the ills that *Rome* can boast,  
Shrift the world in every coast,  
Mix the fire of earth and seas  
With humane spleen and practises,  
To puny the records of time,  
By one grand *Gygantick* crime,  
Then swell it bigger till it squeeze  
The globe to crooked hams and kness  
Here's that shall make it seem to bee  
But modest *Christianity*.

The *Lawgiver*, amongst his own,  
Sentenc'd by a Law unknown.  
Voted *Monarchy* to death  
By the course *Plebian* breath.  
The *Sovereign* of all command  
Suff'rings by a *Common* hand:  
A *Prince*, to make the odium more,  
Offer'd at his very door.  
The head cut off, O death to see't!  
In obedience to the feet,  
And that by *Justice* you must know,  
If thou hast faith to think it so.  
Wee'lle stir no further then this sacred Clay,  
But let it slumber till the *Judgment* day.  
Of all the *Kings* on earth, 'tis not denied,  
Here lies the first that for Religion died.

FINIS.

